By Bud Fisher

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AT THE STATION.

Down at the station they used to wait, All lined up at the railroad gate— Mother and father and cousin Jane, Searching the track for the coming train, Grandpa and Grandma and all the pack, Waiting to welcome a wanderer back.

Then never one of us went away In the summer time, for a few weeks' stay, But when he was sure of a rousing din And a greeting warm when the train pulled in; Oldest to young st would be in wait To welcome him at the station gate.

I've stood in the line myself and know The splendid thrill of that fine "hello!" And the laughter glad and the rush to be The first of that anxious flock to see The wanderer quitting the railroad train, Safe and sound in the town again.

I've been the traveler, too, and I Have seen the light in the mother's eye, And the father's smile, and the brother's grin And his rush to carry my suit case in, And I know the depth of the joy it means To play a part in those station scenes.

Now the line has thinned and there's few to wait To watch for me at the railroad gate. But I know some day in the distant years When my soul in the other realm appears, The oldest to youngest once more I'll see Eagerly waiting to welcome me.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

FOR MONTHS and months I'VE BEEN so fed up ON PEGGY Joyce THAT EVERY day WHEN I sit down TO WRITE these lines SHE COMES to mind AND THEN I search FOR SOME excuse TO WRITE of her BUT IT never comes AND IT worries me so THAT HERE and now I'M GOING to say I WISH they'd do something WITH PEGGY Joyce AND TAKE her away WHERE THERE is no cable OR TELEGRAPH wire OR RADIO FOR I'M very sure THAT THE most of us

AND FOR myself I AM very sure THAT THERE are times WHEN MY sympathy GOES OUT to her FOR I know very well SHE CAN'T be as bad AS THEY any she is. AND SO I'm sorry FOR PEGGY Joyce. IN SPITE of the fact ITS HER own fault THEY PICK on her BUT NEVERTHELESS I'M TIRED of her AND IT'S getting so SHE SPOILS my breakfast WHEN IN some new pose I GAZE on her AND I'D like to ask ALL THE editors TO LEAVE her alone AND FORGET about her AND LET her go back TO CLEOPATRA FOR CLEO'S dead AND HER mother's dead AND NO one cares WHAT THEY say of her



I THANK you.

DON'T CARE a hang

WHAT PEGGY does

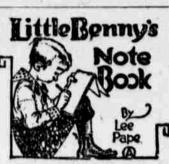
AND I'M very sure

That THE most of us

DON'T BELIEVE the half







Yestidday pop brawt home a big ickidge and stuck it in back of the or in the hall, me saying. Wats at, pop? and him saying. Not wich so far but it has possabilithich so far but it has possabilities, and after suppir I was doing my lessins in the setting room and wishing I was finishing them insted of jest starting them, and ma was darning holes out of socks, and all of a suddin one of the fearest smells I, ever smelt started to come up from down stairs, me saying. Good nite, pew, holey smoaks, wats that?

Coodniss grayshiss, pew, it seems to be down stairs, sed ma, and I sed, Pops down in the kitchin, wats he doing down there?

Wich me sand ma trent down to see, and the scop pot was on the stove and pop was stirring inside it with a long stick and the smell was fearses ou account of being so twice. Th' lighthin' rod ogent must sigh for th' good ole "Jays."

A machine invented in Europe for hospital use sterilizes 40 milk bottles at a time,

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Could Sell Bridges in the Sahara Desert



POLLY AND HER PALS-To See Is to Act With Neewah

By Cliff Sterrett,









BARNEY GOOGLE-It's No Money to Barney Now

By Billy De Beck









fit to drink unless its made by an expert.

Well, this is being made, by an expert, jest wait till you tais it, sed how about bergiers? and ma sed, expert, jest wait till I taist it never had a longer wait in their life, and Willyum, it smells so terrible, pew.

It was a slite aroma, I admit, but it don't smell half as had as that it go used to it, proving the smell so mutch after I got used to it, proving the smell so mutch after I got used to it, proving the smell so mutch after I got used to it, proving the smell so mutch after I got used to it, proving the smell so mutch after I got used to it, proving the smell so mutch after I got used to it.

It was a slite aroma, I admit, but the modern got be had as that it stay up all nite, and pop sed. How about bergiers? and ma sed. Breakfast Table Wit

She had studied all the modern fads, and was rather amused at the got bed. No bergier could stand it. And she guick put up all nite, and pop sed. How about bergiers? and ma sed. Breakfast Table Wit

She had studied all the modern fads, and was rather amused at the latest theory about kissing. Doc-mutch as the put up the kitchin windo, saying.

Jimmy, somewhat of a braggart, was telling his father and mother of his experiences while out campaining.

"And all at once I stepped right and dangerous. Finding herself on a big rattlesnake," he began.

"And all at once I stepped right for eale might be taken to indicate wash machines. I laf. You let n on a big rattlesnake," he began. that vendors of washing machines know what it take to fix me up."

"How did you know it was a rattlesnake. Jimmy?" asker his father
akeptically.

"I could hear its teeth chattering the minute it saw me."

"The following letter from an
incipient distiller to a company offering electric washing machines

are overlooking a fertile field," reports the Howell County Gazette.

"The letter says: 'Puritan, Mo.
Dear Sir: your mascheen she look
sod to me. How many galons will
she hold and how much money will
it cost to put pipe for cooling. Does
foring electric washing machines

CASEY THE COP-Yep! He Is!! >

By H M. Talburt



